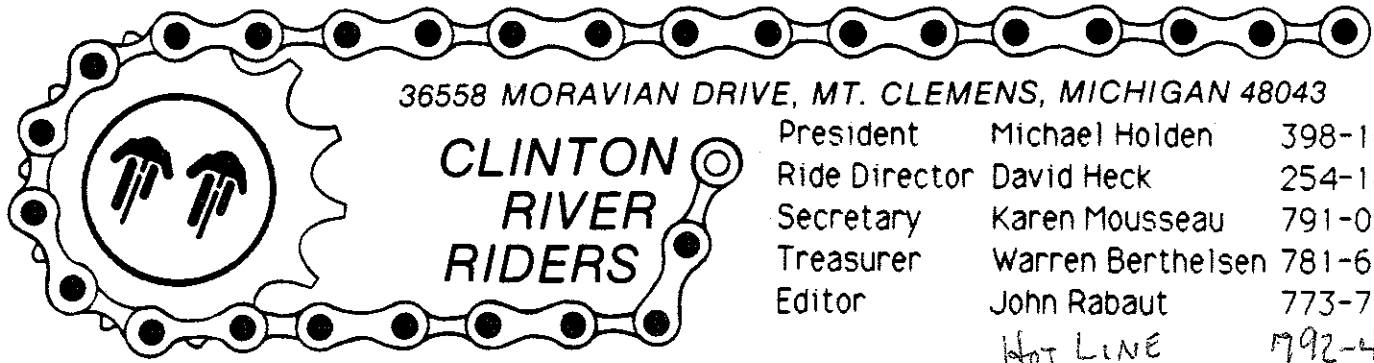


June 1989



Next Meeting/New Location: Beginning Monday, July 10, at 7:00 p.m. the club meetings will take place at the Mt. Clemens Community Center, located at 300 Groesbeck Highway and Lafayette.

New Members: The Clinton River Riders would like to welcome Dennis Audet, Matt Cadieux, Lisa A. Dundas, Randy & Lou Hotton, Walter & Linda Jennfeldt, Bob Keller, and Carol Wilke. We hope to see you on the coming events and that you have many enjoyable rides with the club.

From the Desk of the President:

What a busy month! Maple City Metric, MetroGrand, Delta Dozen, Wolverine 200, Frankenmouth Fahrrad, Assault on Mt. Mitchell, Mountain bike rides, trips to Ann Arbor, 4-counties tour, Captain Aluminum, Farm Lakes tour, and more! Whew! Club activity is booming.

Special Congratulations go to Mike Boden, Sue Pavlat, and Tim Phillips for their assault on Mt. Mitchell. also, congratulations are in order for Bob Latsko for winning the men's master's class at the Delta Dozen with 166.5 miles - I wonder how many he would have had if he hadn't fallen asleep on the bike.

Next month, at the new meeting place, we will be selecting shirt & patch designs for the BWR so be sure to attend - bring your sketches and ideas too.

The club time trial is coming up on June 25th. Be sure to come out and watch the young, strong editor attempt to beat the old, gray bearded, and feeble president. (editorial note: it's in the bag.)

Advertised paces are for the benefit of all - riders know what to expect and whether or not the ride is within their capabilities. Experienced riders - a slower pace is good discipline and a chance to share your knowledge. Nuff said

Happy Cycling,
Mike



To all hearty picnickers:

The Annual Clinton River Rider picnic feast will be held on Sunday, July 30 at Southdale Picnic area at Stony Creek. So mark your calendars and be ready for fun in the sun. More details will follow in July's newsletter

Denise Cryderman

For Sale:

1988 Black 58cm Cannondale Criterium Frame (less than 200 miles ridden)
Equipment: Suntour Pro Superbe crank & derailleurs, Grand Compe brakes, Cinelli handlebars, Avocet R20 saddle, Look pedals, Cateye solar wiring hookup, Cyclone sealed hubs, Ambrosio/Turbo S wheels and tires.
\$450 or best offer Call Ken Koch 286-1587

For the following items, call Dave Gaskell at work 589-1560 or at home 527-2075:

58cm C to C Kalkhoff (West German) frameset w/headset. Reynolds 531 SL One year old - never crashed. \$225

54cm Raleigh Pro Track Bike - Reynolds 531 - Campy - New tires. Light and fast! \$550

20 inch GT Karakoram ATB - Shimano Deore - Araya RM20 rims - Ritchey tires - Tange MTB tubing - Black/Crack paint - SHARP 1 year old \$450.

Additions to C.R.R. Weekly Recurring Rides

Tuesdays: Gary Haelewyn will be leading a 16-18 mph version of the regular Tuesday ride. This will leave Pavlat's at 6:15 pm and will be limited to the first 8 riders.

Thursdays: Meet ride leader Jerry Pavlat at 7:00 in the parking lot at the Hampton Office Complex on the corner of Berkely and Hampton for speed and duration work which will last approx 1-1 1/2 hours.

Club Events

Please, call the club's hotline (792-4670) before a scheduled event for any last minute changes or additions.

Sunday June 18 - Meet your rider leaders Rich Dyer and Ray Dominick at 8:00 a.m. at the Citizens bank on 21 & Sugarbush for a 55 mile ride to Harson's Island and back. The pace will be 16-17 mph. There will be a breakfast stop at 20 miles.

Sunday, June 25

Clinton River Time Trial Series 1989 - #2

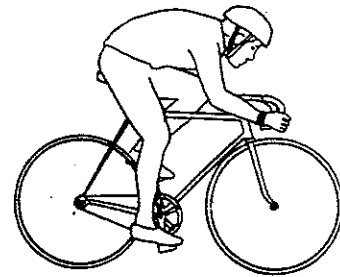
What: Individual time trial

Time: 6:30 a.m.

Location: Stony Creek Boal Launch. The starting line is just west of the boat launch.

Time Trial Rules:

1. 2 laps (12.1 miles) of Stony Creek on the road in a clockwise direction.
2. The starting order will be based on each rider's placing in the first time trial, last going first and first going last. Riders competing for the first time will follow the first rider from the last time trial.
3. Starting at 6:30 a.m., riders will leave at one minute intervals.
4. Helmets are mandatory.
5. No drafting, pass on the left.
6. Stay in your lane (no crossing over lanes to cut curves), remain close to the edge so as not to impede traffic flow.
7. Only club members are eligible for awards.



P.S. Any helpers (timers, holders, etc.) would be greatly appreciated.

Saturday, July 1 - Meet rider leader Mike Holden at the registration area for the Liberty Tour in Bay City MI. at 8:00 a.m. He will be taking names for all routes although he will be doing the 100 mile route.

Sunday, July 2 - Meet your ride leader John Edry in the Southwest end of the K-Mart parking lot on 23 & Gratiot at 8:00 Sharp for a ride to Port Huron and back. The pace will be 16-17 mph, and there will be a brunch stop at 35 miles.

Monday, July 3 - Mountain Bike Monday II, part II. "The Quest for Fun"
Meet your ride leader Andy Neumann at the west branch of the Stony Creek Metropark for a 30-40 mile ride on dirt roads and trails through Stony Creek, Paint Creek, and Yates Cider Mill. EASY PACE - If you must ride fast, do not show up. This could take all day since it is geared to the novice mountain biker. You will probably get dirty and so will your bike. The terrain isd everything from swamps to very hilly, but it is rideable. Insect repellent is recommended.

Tuesday, July 4 - Meet your ride leader John Edry at the Soutwest corner of 13 1/2 & Southfield at 6:30 a.m. This will be a 18-19 mph ride to Milford to pick up riders for the Firecracker 100 at the registration area at 8:00 a.m.

Events Sponsored By Other Clubs

June 17 & 18 - The MS 150 Bike Tour - This is a two day, 150 mile bicycle tour which leaves from Livonia or Grand Rapids and travels to Lansing. On the second day, all participants will be brought back to their starting points via bus. It has been organized to raise money for Multiple Sclerosis.

June 17 & 18 - Michigan National 24 hour Marathon - Byron Center, MI. - A "personal best" event in which riders receive certificates of verified mileage, a copy of the results, and their names and mileage included in the "record book." For more information, contact Diane Obermeyer (616) 241-1969.

July 1 - Liberty Tour - See club sponsored events.

July 2 - Seaway Bicycle Tour - Follow the scenic shoreline of Lake Michigan in Muskegon on routes that use portions of the Shoreline Bicycle Tour. Contact John Bowden (616) 780-3298

July 8 - One Helluva Ride - This ride takes place in Chelsea, MI (between Jackson and Ann Arbor). Routes of 35, 50, 74, and 106 are available, and all pass through Hell, MI. Contact Jayne Miller, P.O. Box 2854, Ann Arbor, MI. 48106 or call (313) 994-0044.

July 22 - W.O.W. (Women on Wheels) Mason, MI. - Contact TCBA W.O.W.I, P.O. Box 13001, Lansing, MI. 48901 or phone (517) 882-3700

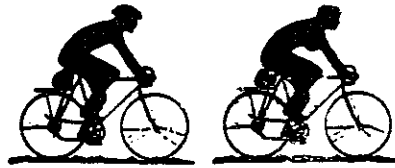
July 23 - R.A.T. (Ride Around Torch Lake) - Sponsored by the Cherry Capital Cycling Club. Popular club ride. Registration forms are available at meetings.

August 13 - River Raisin Tour - 30, 60, 100 mile routes are available through Monroe. Hot lunch for ALL registered riders. 1000 rider limit. Contact Terry Gerwick (313) 243-0919

August 20 - Assenmacher 100 - This ride takes place in Schwartz Creek, MI. Contact Ken Wilcox (313) 742-6334

September 10 - Peach of a Ride - Sponsored by the Slow Spokes with 50 km, 100 km, and 100 mile routes available beginning at Armada High School. Registration forms will be available at meetings. Also, day of the ride registration will begin at 7:00.

On the road with Duane and E.A.



Dear Club members,

Gi'day from W.A., Broome to be more specifix. They call it the "pearl of the North," and it had been well known since the early 1900's for the pearling industry. The tourist industry has more recently notices the beauty here and are developing Broome as a great vacation spot. It is very tropical here, and they only have 2 seasons because we are so close to the equator (even closer than Hawaii). There is the wet/cyclone season from November to March and the Dry/tourist season in which we are now. We have already had to wait out 2 very late cyclones, and we hope that's the end. We didn't get caught in the cyclones, but we did get alot of heavy rains and wind. We also got to see some of the boats that got thrown around.

We didn't ride very much this last month, but alot has happened, and we have covered alot of ground. We worked as migrant pickers in the vinyards of Margaret River before heading into Perth to determine our fate for the upcoming year. We reaches 10,000 milesthe week before April 16th (my first 10,000 mile/12 months). We visited with some very friendly dolphins. We watched the king tides rise and fall in Broome, and we have travelled over 1,400 miles up the Western coast of Australia (only about 400 were pedaled).

Although our grape picking days were hard work, we also had alot of fun. It was our last chance to enjoy the S.W. corner we told you about in our last letter, and we met some new friends whom we have already run into again.

Pearth is a lovely clean city with alot to see and do; but, like most big cities, it is more adapted to four wheeled vechicles. Fortunately for us, they also have a wonderful public transportation system so we never had to take our bikes within the city limits. When we applied to extend our visas, we were told that we needed to give them a very good reason why. We told them we hadn't seen it all and desperately wanted to do so. We didn't get an extra 6 months, but it was extended from May 19th to August 28th at which time we will fly back to Auckland, New Zealand. That night, before we left Perth, we had alot to celebrate and a very special bottle of wine with which we could celebrate (a bonus from our wine picking days). Not only did we get an extension on our visas, but we celebrated one whole year of happy travels together. Could 2 people be happier? Except when we miss all our friends back home and the great ride schedule.

We know August is still a long way off, but it took is 5 months to get to Perth by way of the short(?) route, and we only have 4 months to get back to Sydney. Suddenly, we were very anxious to leave Perth in search of new adventure. One of our grape picking buddies offered us a ride up the coast about 500 miles to see some dolphins at a place called Monkey Mia.

The dolphins are wild and come to see the people on their own accord. Of course, feeding them helps to encourage them to come back. They have been coming to visit since 1964, and it is the longest lasting relationship of its kind where wild animals come to visit people without being dependent on them or peened up. The rangers are very protective of the dolphins and kicked one poor woman out of the water for petting them wrong. She was allowed back in after she read the sign showing the proper technique.

Between the little help from our friends and the Australian bus lines we arrived in Broome in time to catch the "king" tide which rises over 30 feet. (2nd largest in the world). the fun part is when it's out and one can see all the sea life left behind. the shells are beautiful, but most are occupied by snails and crabs. We did more looking than collecting,

The bus trip up here was long and dry. It was beautiful to see the scenery change hourly instead of daily, but there was not alot of opportunity to get water and food. We are now in the top region of Western Australia called Kimberly Ranger. Water is available from most streams so all we have to worry about is food - A weeks worth at a time, but we've done that before. It will be an interesting challenge, and we have some new recipes to try. we keep hearing about what bugs we can eat to survive in the brush. We haven't considered it yet, but it would be a suitable revenge for all the bites we have suffered from them. It seems funny that we should miss our bugs back home, but when you camp, you live with bugs, and they change as often as the scenery. Some are nicer than others.

We got a real treat when we called the store and got to talk to so many of you. Don't forget us yet. We'll be home some day

Happy Pedaling
Duane & Elizabeth

Food for thought:

Members who attended the June meeting were treated to a lecture on diet by Rick Delorme from the Meadowbrook Health Enhancement Institute which is a division of Oakland University. It made me think twice about my diet especially when I walked into the meeting carrying two McDonald quarter pounders with cheese. As a matter of fact, after listening to the lecture, I'm amazed that the arteries in my fingers aren't clogged enough to stop me from typing. If anyone is interested in more information or in being tested for body fat, you can reach Rick Delorme at the center. If you're skeptical about the centers ability to help you, call Sue or Jerry Pavlat. They can answer some questions you might have.



The Peach Cheesecake Ride

by Mike Holden

Two years ago, I rode the Maple City Metric; a fairly flat ride with most of the route in Northern Ohio. The rest stops also featured homemade cheese cake. This year, it was held on the Saturday before the Metro Grand Spring Tour. I considered that a couple of flat metric centuries in a row would be a good start to the season; and, therefore, I signed up for both.

The weather was cold & threatening that morning. DStill, I was committed to going. Besides, the weather might be different as far South as Adrian. The sun was peeking thru the clouds as I arrived. Not too many people in the parking lot, though, and the signs by the registration say "New route this year." Did they know something I didn't? I waited by registration till 8:45 hoping someone from the club would arrive or someone I'd recognize and could ride with - this would be my longest ride since I broke my leg, and I wanted company. No one I knew was in sight so off I went. One of the joys of cycling is the people you meet, so ride with people, be friendly and enjoy yourself.

This tactic worked well till the first rest stop. This was the turn around point for the short course, and most everyone was taking the short route either by plan or because the weather had turned threatening again. The rest stop had no sign of peach cheesecake! I mentioned to one of the workers that I had come all the way from Mt. Clemens for the cheesecake. This brought an instant response - they had forgotten to put it out. It was every bit as good as I had remembered - my compliments to the chef!

As we rode, the organizers had put out Burma-Shave type signs like: Watch the birdies - watch the trees, but dont fall down and skin your knees. Also, You're nearing Rincon - can't you tell - all the roads have gone to hell.

And, the new route-remember the new route? Well, it was rolling hills - lots of rolling hills. My flat route was gone. Also, riding companions were few and far in between. Still, onward I went. Then, snow - panic: If this shows any accumulation, I'm stopping and saggin in. i lost last year by trying to ride in the snow. About 15 minutes later, the snow stopped, and the sun came out, and it was warm and pleasantthe rest of the day. Still, the early weather kept many riders away, and I would ride 30-40 minutes without seeing another rider, and there was about 40 miles between the first two rest stops. Losing my map didn't help either so there were some anxious times wondering whether or not I was on course. Still, it was an enjoyable ride, a pleasant challenge with the new route, the Burma-Shave signs were fun to read, and the peach cheesecake alone is worth the trip.

Mountain Bike Monday II
(Journey to "*\$%&%" - it's a family club)
by Nate Fitzpatrick

It's Monday ^{5/29/89} morning - 8:30 (yes a.m.). The unsuspecting victims of Mountain Bike Monday II gather at the West branch of Stony Creek. Our fearless leader (Andy Neumann a.k.a. Sgt. Slaughter) arrives in what appears to be an experimental government vehicle, but actually it's just the "Stealth Taurus."

The group is informed that the Wolverines will be riding at 9:00, and we decide to join them. But, first "Sgt. Slaughter" (on his combat ready "T" Bike) decides that we should do a warm-up tour of Stony. "This should be fun" muses another hapless victim. After some trail riding (with only a minimal loss of civilian life) we find ourselves stopped by "Sgt. Slaughter" as he exclaims "%\$@*!!" they didn't finish the trail." This is not a problem - we'll just make our own trail through the mud boggs. Fortunately, there are enough "piper cub" sized mosquitos to carry us over the mud trough. We decide that even though this is fun that defies description that we'll go back and meet up with the Wolverines.

At this point, there are probably 20 total riders. We're told that we are heading for Bald Mountain trails for what is called "Big Fun." "I can hardly wait" I think to myself (misguided fool!!) After some trail riding, a mechanical fatality is brought to our attention - "Hey guys, youe won't believe this, but some guy just wore through his rim!!" after such comments as "that's impossible" and emphatic "No ways" the group was shown that animal "Jeff Hill" (a.k.a. salesman of the year) had actually worn through his rims from braking. I kept telling him to take the break off, but who can talk to kids?? Jeff heads back, and the group continues.

At this point, the group is led down seemingly innocent dirt roads by T.J. Hill. It quickly becomes obvious that he has financial ties with the Michigan Chiropractic Association. New meaning is given to the term "washboard."

Finally, we arrive at Bald Mountain for "Big Fun." At this point, the group is down to seven. The others have clearly demonstrated superior intellect. As it turned out, the trails are "Big Fun," and I would recommend them to anyone who likes mountain biking (that eliminates that smaal segment of the population known as normal). After hillclimbs and mud troughs too numerous to mention, the lunch cry is heard - not unlike the sound heard immediately after stepping on a dog's tail.

McDonald's is the lunch stop. After a quick bite, the group decides to head back on the trail. As we leave our seats, I'm reminded of the Charlie Brown character "Pigpen" as I see the mud left on the floor from the gang. It looks lived in, I think to myself. The group decides to split up as the Wolverines and Dave Gaskell (a.k.a. Mr Cyclocross) decide to head back to Bald Mountain for more "Big Fun." I decide to go back with Big John and

Sgt. Slaughter so I can get back sooner (I cannot believe that this made sense at one time - Lack of oxygen??)

Off we head down Paint Creek Trail on our way back to Stony. - Yeah, right! After a bit of uneventful riding, Sgt. Slaughter attempts another death defying climb, resulting in a broken chain - a true animal! Yes, you're right, nobody has a chain tool. After pushing the Sgt. (No small task I might add) for what seemed like 100 miles, we decide to try to make a chain tool out of rocks. - Yes, that's right, rocks! Teddy would have been proud. The only thing more amusing than that was that it actually worked! The losses were kept to a minimum - a few fingers were lost, but it was for a good cause!

After getting back on the trail, Sgt. Slaughter becomes Admiral Slaughter - commander of his own submarine on wheels. On more than one occasion, he was up to his seat tube in water. This not only entertained us but countless onlookers as well. I can still see mothers frabbing their children to spare them from this "madman." On the way back, we decide to go behind Yates Cider Mill to make sure that the toxic landfill is still fenced off. This experience gave new meaning to the term "nuclear legs." Finally, we headed to ward Stony. After we arrives Sgt. (Admiral) Slaughter headed for the boat launch to bring the S.S. Trek underway, protecting America's coastline - while under water! We met up with Teddy and then proceeded to the mandatory tour of the beaches. After that, it was back to the cars. Naturally, we were the last ones back - I'm glad we headed back early (ha,ha).

In all honesty, it was an excellent ride and a good workout. Despite all the kidding Andy, it was "Big Fun," and you can count me in on Mountain Bike Monday III. Well, I'm off to the car wash to see if I can remind myself what color my mountain bike used to be?!

The Delta Challenge

by Bob Latsko

I knew I was in for a long day when I felt my cat's wet tongue on my face. It was 5 min. before 6 a.m. and long past time to wake up. I had set my alarm for 5 p.m. rather than 5 a.m. (how did the cat know enough to wake me?) And, the Delta Challenge - a 12 hour endurance ride held at Delta College near Bay City began at 8 a.m.

Rush! Rush! Hurry! Hurry! No time for breakfast. This was not the way I had planned the ride. I arrived at Delta college just as a smaal group of hardy riders were leaving to begin their circles of the college campus. I checked in, mounted my Trek and at about 8:15 a.m. began my tour of the course.

The day (May 6) was windy and cold, and I was the only rider in shorts and a short sleeve jersey and had to endure the usual question ... (if I

were cold, I would wear more clothes). The loop contained three state highways with paved shoulders along the road through the campus with no hills. After each lap, 3.7 miles (their measurement) or 3.8 miles (my measurement) a rider was awarded one bread clasp to count the laps. I began riding at 16-18 mph and began to search for a riding partner. For the most part, I was unsuccessful in this as, except for a few "hot shots", most riders were slower than my riding speed. However, I did ride with Giselle from Lansing, a friend of Pat Brehler who was acquainted with Sue Pavlat by (biking) reputation. She finished 3rd with 313 miles in the Michigan 24 hour Challenge and was training for the Mt. Mitchell climb this month. But, she later rejoined her Lansing clubmates and left me alone again.

I stopped to eat about noon, and for the first time, I noticed the plaques awarded to the riders with the most miles at the end of 12 hours. I was not being passed by many riders in my age group. The rest stop offered cold drinks, bagels, cookies, fruit, and various other nourishments. The afternoon was long and boring as many riders succumbed to the cold wind. I stopped about 4 p.m. to refuel before I resumed my lonely ride.

Then, near disaster! I fell asleep at the wheel and dropped off the paved shoulder where my wheel caught, and I went down. My new Look cleats released (even though Steve at Pavlat's assured me they would, I wondered how to test them...) and left me with road rash and a skinned knee at the side of the highway, but my Trek clattered onto the road where it could have been killed. Fortunately, no traffic was coming at that moment, and I hastily retrieved it. After a 15 minute unplanned break to treat my bike and my knee, I decided to drop my riding speed to 12-15 mph. I rode 4 minutes less than 12 hours for a total distance of 166 miles (their count) or 177 miles (my count). In either case, I was happy to receive the first place plaque in the master's division. The overall winner (210 miles) looked to be in my age group (he wore a RAAM 83 cap) but plaques were limited to one per rider, too bad for him.

I drove home a tired but happy rider and looking forward to show my friends in the CRR even though I realize that the award was more for perseverance than for speed. I may even do this ride again next year.

MT. MITCHELL REVISITED

BY: MICHAEL BODEN

Mt. Mitchell is the highest point east of the Mississippi River in the United States and is located in western North Carolina. "The Assault on Mt. Mitchell" is a 102 mile ride from Spartanburg, South Carolina to the summit of Mt. Mitchell and is considered to be one of the ten toughest rides in the country.

In 1988, I decided to try the ride and on June 4, 1988, Sue Pavlat and I joined some 1,500 other riders in the "Assault". It was an awesome mass start and a long and grueling ride for me.

In 1989, I decided to try the ride again and better my time. I had forgotten how incredibly hard the last twenty miles were. As May 21st drew closer, I began to recall the ordeal and began having second thoughts. However, I refused to back out.

Shortly before midnight, May 19, Lynn, our two daughters, Lisa and Karen and I set out on an all night journey to South Carolina. We enjoyed beautiful scenery as daylight came. In Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina the hills were incredible sights. We had a chance meeting with other Clinton River Riders at a rest stop in South Carolina. It's nice to meet friends on the road. We arrived at our motel at 1:00 p.m. Saturday. At 2:00 p.m., I registered and picked up my instructions and numbers. After a two hour nap we went back to hear the presentation by Susan Notorangelo and Lon Haldeman. We had dinner and were in bed by 9:00 p.m.

4:30 a.m., Sunday, time to wake up and get going. As we approach the start area there are riders and support crews everywhere, approximately 1,700 riders. Sue Pavlat, Tim Phillips and I have decided to ride together. But how will we ever find each other in this crowd. Good, there they are. Everything is working out.

At 6:30 a.m., we're off!! What an experience!! All these cyclists!! Crash!! Someone falls. Oh, please don't let it happen to me. A few miles later another cyclist goes down in front of us. What's happening? We haven't even reached the danger zones. One hour into the ride and we're averaging over twenty-one miles per hour. Sue Pavlat's strength is awesome. Tim says we're lucky she's not feeling well or we couldn't keep up with her. We join a paceline doing twenty-seven miles per hour but drop off. Too fast! We join one doing twenty-three to twenty-four miles per hour. Sue and Tim take long pulls up front. I drop back. The first seventy miles are rolling hills which get higher and longer as we approach Marion, North Carolina. At about fifty miles, Sue begins to pull ahead. I can no longer keep the pace.

The support crews have met us at three places along the route to Marion. Their cheers and encouragement are great. I reach Marion and locate the girls. I drink some Exceed, eat a bagel and the girls massage my legs. After twenty minutes it's off to climb the mountain. This is where the ordeal begins. Up the "watershed", three miles, very steep. PUSH!! PUSH!! PUSH!! Gee, that wasn't as bad as last year. Up onto the Blue Ridge Parkway. I don't remember it being such a long climb. Very hard. Going through the tunnels cars were coming. It was very scary. But there's a two mile downhill ahead and I'm really looking forward to that. I don't remember it being this hard. I want to cry. AHHH, downhill. This is glorious. This is what it's all about, downhill. But now it's back to work. Here's the entrance to the State Park. There's five miles to go. I can't turn the pedals, nothing left... must rest ... lay down for ten minutes ... too hot. Back in the saddle for ten minutes and then I must stop. There's some shade, good. Fifteen minutes, goal's history ... must get going ... Last water stop ... 1½ miles to go. I stop and eat some watermelon and cookies. Okay, on to glory. There's the finish line. What's all that yelling. There's Lynn, Lisa, Karen, Rose and Mike cheering madly. I've never felt better. Thank you for your encouragement and help. God bless the sag crews.

WHEELMENS ANNUAL GATHERING

by

Gary Haelewyn

One day back in April, Bob Latsko, Kathy Pfent, and I were listening to Bob Crowley talk about this monster ride in Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania called WAG. The way he talked about those hills one would think they put the hair back on his shaved legs. "You haven't seen hills until you do this ride" he exclaimed.

Later that day I was talking to Bob Latsko, who unknown to Crowley, came from that area of Pennsylvania. "There not that steep" smiled Latsko, "I rode those hills every day when I was growing up and I never saw hills like Crowley makes them out to be", said Bob.

Well it just so happened that the weekend of WAG, Bob Latsko was returning to Farrell PA just northwest of Slippery Rock. He asked if I wanted to join him and we could do the WAG ride together. "Crowley was making mountains out of mole hills" claimed Bob, we could do this ride with little difficulty. The next day we had our applications in the mail.

As the weeks went by those little mole hills began to grow. "You know Gary", said Bob, "its been along time since I rode my bike back in Farrell, the hills may be a little bigger than I remebered". Wait a minute Mr. Latsko, I thought you said it would be easy. What have I got myself into now I thought. As I panted up the hill at Stoney Creek I wonedered if Pennsylvania had anything this big.

The alarm went off at 5:30AM Saturday morning at Bob's fathers house in Farrell Pa. We wanted to be in Slippery Rock by 7:00 for breakfast. By 6:00 we were on the rode. It was a 45 minute ride to Slippery Rock University, where the ride originated. We arrived at the college, ate a quick breakfast where we found Bob Crowley, and Kathy Pfent. Bob was just leaving for the "BonkBerry", 110 mile, A+ ride with the big boys. Bob Latsko's 100 mile A pace ride was leaving in 20 minutes. Kathy and I opted for the 67 mile "B" pace ride. There were 7 different rides to choose from, each starting at a different time, and each with ride leaders. As usual I goofed around until the last minute then had rush to get to the starting point. Upon reaching the starting point I realized my cateye and pump were locked in Latsko's car. Oh well off to a great start. Kathy gave me a box of Fig Newtons to carry in my fanny pack and with the banana and other odds and ends I figured I was carrying an extra 5 lbs. A fellow rider told us how nice this ride would be, and it only had 2 hills to worry about, and they were in the beginning. Great we thought.

The first hill was 45 seconds into the ride. It was the hill out of the parking lot. It was bigger than Stoney Creek. "Is this the first of those 2 hills", I asked our fellow rider who just laughed. They have a real dry sense of humor in Pennsylvania. I immediatley thought of Bob Latsko's comment "mountains out of mole hills" and wondered if maybe he got it turned around. Pennsylvania is not flat. Even the flat is not flat. Everything is on hills. But yes, there is a down side to all of this. Unfortunately I can't say how fast I went down, but I can say I used both back and front brakes at one point in a vain attempt to slow my descent. The roads are well marked and they did provide maps which is nice because our "B" pace ride leaders disappeared after the first few hills. I still don't know or can't remember where those 2 difficult hills were in our ride. They were all difficult. Some, I thought my lungs would collapse. Kathy disappeared BEFORE the first rest stop, and her Fig Newtons disappeared AFTER the first rest stop.

I came in 6 hours later 1/2 hour behind Kathy, but 4 hours ahead of that old Pennsylvanian Bob Latsko. Poor Bob L. He found out the hard way what over the hill really means. With 20 miles to go Bob lay fast asleep in front of a farmhouse, completely exhausted. With the help of two other riders, Bob dragged back to the college. We pumped liquids into him, put him in the shower, and carried him to the cafeteria for the best dinner I've ever seen a bike tour put on. Poor Bob could only consume 1/2 a plate of spaghetti and sip part of a coke. You missed a grand meal Bob. I drove him back to his fathers house, got him to bed where he went out like a light.

We returned to Slippery Rock on Sunday, for a shorter 34 mile ride through the countryside to see a waterfall and fill our bottles with fresh spring water. Yes there were more hills on Sunday, the first were difficult but we loosened up quickly, except for the last big hill. I promised Bob I wouldn't mention what he did on that last big one so I'll let him tell you.

Thanks to Bob Crowley for finding out about this ride and getting Bob Latsko to sign up. Thanks to that old Pennsylvanian Bob Latsko for lying to me about the mole hills. And thanks Kathy Phent for the Fig Newtons. This a great two day ride. Unfortunately they're skipping next year so we'll have to wait two years before doing it again.

Club Ramblings

The competition for the "Crash Gordon" award is becoming fast and furious. Oscar Balmaceda took stitches in his finger on TOSRV. Jim Gallagher made his bid for the award by sustaining a broken collarbone on a ride. Never let it be said that Karen Mousseau would be outdone. She went for the multiple injury motif with a broken elbow and a separated shoulder on a Tuesday ride. I pity the judges for this event.

Congratulations to Marty Kein and Anita Allen (or should I say Marty and Anita Klein) on their recent marriage. Best of luck.

And, our intrepid Eric Berthelsen is on his way to England for what I'm sure will be an interesting vacation.



Congratulations to Tina Dominick who took first place in her division in the Springs Always Movin' On 10k run over the Memorial Day weekend.

Congratulations to Sue Pavlat on a tremendous effort on the Assault on Mt. Mitchell. She lowered her time to 7:10.59. Also, congratulations go to Mike Boden and Tim Phillips for their impressive results in the Assault on Mt. Mitchell. (I certainly didn't have the guts or legs to try it)

Congratulation also to Denise Cryderman for placing second in her division in the Jim Ramsey M.A.A.H. 10k run. This is the first time she has received an award for her running.

